I Every morning make a fire,
all which is done to eaſe her,
I get a Nut-meg, make a toaſt,
in hope therewith to pleaſe her:
Of a Cup of nappy ale and ſpice,
of which ſhe is firſt taſter.
And yet this croſs-grain'd queen will ſcolds,
and ſtrive to be my maſter.
But if ever, &c.

I waſh the diſhes, ſweep the houſe,
I dreſs her wholſome dyet,
I humour her in every thing,
becauſe I would be quiet:
Of every ſeveral diſh of meat,
ſhe'l ſurely be firſt taſter,
And I am glad to pick the bones,
ſhe is ſo much my maſter:
But if ever, &c.

Sometimes ſhe'l ſit while day gives light,
in company with good fellows,
In Taverns and in bowling Rens,
or in ſome pimping Ale-houſe;
And when ſhe comes home drunk at night,
though I do not diſtaſt her,
She'l fling, ſhe'l throw, ſhe'l ſcratch and bite,
and ſtrive to be my Maſter:
But if ever, &c.

Her bed I make both ſoft and fine,
and put on ſmock compleatly,
Her ſhooes and ſtockings I pull off,
and lay her down moſt neatly:
I cover her and keep her warm
for fear I ſhould diſtaſt her,
I hug her kindly in my arms,
yet ſtill She'l be my Maſter,
ever, &c.

And when I am with her in bed,
ſhe doth not uſe me well ſir,
She'l wring my noſe, and pull my ears,
a pittiful caſe to tell ſir:
And when I am with her in bed,
not meaning to moleſt her,
She'l kick me out at the beds feet,
and ſo become my maſter:
But if ever, &c.

And thus you hear how cruelly
my wife doth ſtill abuſe me;
At bed at board at noon and night
ſhe always doth miſuſe me:
But if I were a luſty Man,
and able for to baſte her,
Then would I ſurely uſe ſome means,
that ſhe ſhould not be my maſter.
But if I were, &c.

You Batcheloys that ſweet-hearts have,
when as you are a Wooing,
Be ſure you look before you leap,
for fear of your undoing,
The after wit is not the beſt,
and he that weds in haſt ſir,
May like to me, bewail his caſe:
if his wife do prove his Maſter,
But if ever, &c.

You Married Men that have good wives,
I wiſh you deal well by them,
For they more precious are then Gold,
if once you come to try them:
A good wife makes a husband glad,
then let him not diſtaſt her,
But a ſcold will make a Man run mad;
if once ſhe proves his Maſter,
But if ever, &c.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke. W. Thackeray,* and *T. Paſſenger.*

My Wife will be my Maſter:

Or, The Married-mans Complaint againſt his unruly Wife.

The Tune is, *A Taylor is a man.*

AS I was walking forth of late,
I heard a man complaining,
With that I drew me near to him,
to know the cauſe and meaning
Of this his ſorrow, pain and grief,
which bred him ſuch diſaſter;
Alas, quoth he, what ſhall I do,
my wife will be my maſter:
But if ever *I* am a Widdower,
and another wife do marry,
I mean to keep her poor and bare,
and the purſe I mean to carry.

If I ſhould give her forty pound,
within her apron folding,
No longer then ſhe's telling on:,
her tongue would ne'r leave ſcolding
As *Eſops* Dog barkt at the Moon
thinking for to diſtaſt her,
So doth my wife ſcold without cauſe,
and ſtrives to be my Maſter;
But if ever, &c.

Were I ſo ſtrong as Hercules,
or wiſer then Apollo,
Or had I *Icarus* wings to flye,
my wife would after follow.
Or ſhould I live as many years,
as ever did King Neſtor,
Yet I do greatly ſtand in fear,
my wife would be my Maſter.
But if ever, &c.

I know no cauſe nor reaſon why,
that ſhe with me ſhould jangle,
I never gave her cauſe at all,
to make her with me wrangle:
I pleaſe her ſtill in what I may,
and do no jot diſtaſt her,
Yet ſhe doth ſtrive both night and day,
always to be my Maſter:
But if ever I am a Widdower,
and another wife do marry,
I mean to keep her poor and bare,
and the purſe *I* mean to carry.